tion, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friendes, heated mine enemies, and what's his reason, I am a Iewe. Hath nos a Iewe eyes? hath not a Iew hands? organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food? hurt with the same weapons? subiect to the same diseases? healed by the same meanes? warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you pricke vs, do we not bleede? If you tickle vs, do we not laugh? If you poyson vs, do wee not dye? And if you wrong vs, shall we not reuenge? If wee are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Iew wrong a Christian, what is his humility, Reuenge? If a Christian wrong a Iewe, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why Reuenge? The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my master *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.

Salar. We haue bene vp and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Salan. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot bee matcht, vnlesse the diuell himselfe turne Iew.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from Genowa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tuball. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a Diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Frankford. The curse neuer fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now: two thousande ducats in that, and other precious precious iewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foote, and the iewels in her eare: O would shee were hearst at my foote, and the ducats in her coffin. No newes of them, why so: and I know not whats spent in the search: why thou losse vpon losse, the theefe gone vvith so much,

much, and so much to finde the Theefe, and no satisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill lucke stirring but what lights on my shoulders, no sighes but of my breathing, no teares but of my shedding.

Tuball. Yes, other men haue ill luck too, *Anthonio* as I heard in Genoway.

Shy. What, what, what ill lucke, ill lucke?

Tuball. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, ist true? ist true?

Tuball. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wracke.

Shy. I thanke the good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha ha, heere in Genoway.

Tuball. Your daughter spent in Genoway, as I heard, in one night, fourescore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my golde againe; fourescore ducates at a sitting! Fourescore ducats!

Tuball. There came diuers of *Anthonios* Creditours in my company vnto Venice, that sweare that hee cannot choose but breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad on't.

Tuball. One of them shewed me a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monkey.

Shy. Out vpon her: thou tortur'st me *Tuball*, it was my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batchellor. I would not haue giuen it for a wildernesse of Monkies.

Tuball. But *Anthonio* is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: go *Tuball*, fee mee an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the heart of him if he forfeit. For were he out of Venice I can make what merchandize I will go: go *Tuball*, and meete me at our Synagogue, go good *Tuball*, at our Synagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their Traines.

Portia.